

Muse

Anti-Broadcast

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Summary

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They share a sweet secret that is bound to come undone. Maybe that's what they want, but neither one will say it.

1. Muse

Muse

September 9th, 1804

The cicadas were vibrantly noisy that night. The antique clock that sat on the mantle of the fireplace ticked ever so faithfully. Across the dark room, Garnet lay on her back, her fingers laced over her velvety quilt. She stared at the gleaming gold foil that plastered the ceiling above her. The hoot of an owl suddenly reminded her to breathe and she blinked rapidly, cocking her head towards the glass doors that lead towards her balcony. The milky moonlight came through the sheer cream curtains. The sanguine sky was littered with sparkling stars. Garnet watched them silently, half her face sunken into her goose down pillow. *Tick.... Tick.... Tick...*

She took in a deep breath, now turning on her side. Carelessly she dangled an arm off the edge of her bed. As a child, Garnet remembered the naughty tales her nannies and nurses told her about the dark forces of monsters that hid under children's beds and snatched at their feet and hands. Garnet had been a very cautious sleeper after that, planting herself

directly in the center of her four poster bed. Now, she couldn't decide if she had simply outgrown the nonsense or if she just didn't care anymore.

At twenty years old, Garnet til Alexandros had grown into a refined woman. As much as she wished she could deny it, the throne had changed her significantly in the past four years of peace. She had no tolerance for indiscretion in her courts, councils, or meeting halls. It was hardly, if ever, the time to joke with the Queen. Garnet had become direct. She had become firm. Garnet only strove to get her job done right. She had transformed into what she saw as a professional, obtaining the balance between her outward public appearance and that of personal. That intimate side of her had become almost generally unknown to anyone. Even to the person laying beside her.

Cautiously, Garnet lifted her eyes over her shoulder, spying the rising chest and hearing the soft snores of the man beside her. Lord Fox von Don. He was four years her senior and hailed from the upper crust of Treno. Fox's great-great-grandfather had been one of the primary architects that made Treno the marbled, earth tone night city it was known for. Fox had always been nice to Garnet. He was a tall, slender man. He always wore his dirty blond hair in

a spiky fashion, exuding a boyish air from him. Fox's wardrobe consisted primarily of corduroy pants and silk long sleeve shirts. In their three year marriage, they were just beyond a bit more than perfect strangers. They understood each other silently. Their hands were good at conforming together in public. But there would always be that unspoken agreement between them that this was not real. People of their caliber afforded all except the luxury of surnames. It was unwritten, it was never uttered, nor ever acknowledged, but both Garnet and Fox knew it was there. It was the precipice of their entire relationship.

Garnet pressed her face back into her pillow again as Fox slumbered on. She listened to the nocturnal creatures beyond the window panes and she watched the sky intently. It was nearing midnight. The way the moonlight was glowing like a ribbon was the tell-tale sign it was the time of the night that Garnet was most familiar with. She couldn't deny she was feeling somewhat drowsy as she sank into her fluffy bed. Every few moments, however, the clock made her head stir and she came back entirely to the room that nearly sank away. She grabbed hold of the velvet quilt and brought it to her chin. Garnet let out a short sigh. How many nights,

she wondered, had she missed out on sleep she desperately needed? And how many others had she given in prematurely? Just as another wave of drowsy warmth was about to wash over her, something beyond her balcony doors caught her eyes.

Garnet sat up, her silken nightgown bagging on her slender figure. Her heart was pounding in her chest, onyx hair framing her doll-like face. Slowly, her fingers were curling against the cotton sheets. There it was; her nighttime beacon. A singular paper lantern drifting languidly through the still air. Garnet cast a glance towards Fox before wriggling her feet into her slippers. She snagged her robe from the back of the rocking chair nearby and soundlessly shrugged into it as she approached the balcony doors. Her dark chocolate eyes slowly watched the paper lantern as it went up and up and up...

Summer had cooled off intensely and rapidly that early September. Garnet's breath fogged against the glass as she carefully set her hands upon the brass knobs. She glanced over her shoulder before she deftly let herself out into the night. The cool air whipped past her, lifting her hair and making her silk robe ripple. Gently, Garnet tucked a wisp of her dark hair behind her ear and approached the stone

balustrade. The higher the paper lantern climbed, the more it rocked back and forth. She could hear her shallow breath clearly at that moment. Cautiously, Garnet brought her hands to meet the chilled stone railing. It was gritty against her palms, but still, she hung on tightly. She cast one more fleeting glance into her bedroom before she leaned forward, looking down on the sprawling garden below. Her eyes scanned over the honeysuckles that, day by day, were slowly closing up with the incoming coolness. Then her sight darted to the vibrant hedges that made the garden into a maze. But suddenly, she became still and her heart rate accelerated.

Silently, Garnet brought her index finger to her pink lips. Her slippers scuffed against the stone balcony as she slipped back into her room. She had grown so stealthy in her adult years. Garnet clung to every shadow like it was her best friend. She folded into the quietness like she was no more than it. Midnight was Garnet's lover and she knew where every beam of light fell. In the vast hallways, she walked with ease as her robe trailed behind her. She moved forward as if under a spell. Garnet's body flowed with conviction as she calculated the routes of the guards and soundlessly moved between their gaps. Her slippers padded against the running

carpets that ran down the steps. Garnet passed her mother's portraits without even a look. Nothing mattered to her at midnight. Nothing within those castle walls, however.

When she emerged from her marble prison, Garnet took in a deep breath. There was a storm brewing. The sweet smell of rain was fragrant in the air and the wind was picking up. Her nightgown blew wildly around her frame as she followed the depths of darkness in the garden. Two rights, a left, another right. Then straight towards the moon until it was perfectly framed above the stone tomb of her mother that rose like a phoenix amongst the forget-me-nots and roses. All was completely silent. Garnet stood before her mother's final resting place, strands of onyx hair clawing across her face. She knew the epitaph by heart. She no longer read it. Garnet ran her palms down her silky nightgown and tilted her head back to see the distant clouds, illuminated by silver linings of the moons destined to collide. Garnet remembered in that moment a young version of herself fearful of approaching storms. Now, she only embraced them. The raging seas, the steady downpour, the crackling thunder, and bolts of lightning, they were part of her. Garnet was the very storm she feared so much as a child.

“And so she continues to come to the darkness...” came a soft, velvet voice. ‘When she herself is enough to light an entire room, an entire world, up, she still only finds comfort in the dark.’ Garnet grinned and kept her head tilted up, watching the wind make the clouds sail over her mother’s tomb. “Angels die without light, so they say. But people who believe that only understand cataclysms. They don’t understand the world and all the angels it has to offer.”

Garnet looked across the dark clearing, brushing hair from the frame of her face. “Isn’t this whole world just cataclysmic?”

“... Guess it depends on who you ask.”

After a beat, a figure came around from the other side of the tomb. The moonlight was waning as the wind picked up, but rays of milky light came around the silhouetted person. Broad shoulders with a thin figure. Their boots beat against the cobblestone and with one flick of their arm, a match was lit, cherrying the end of a cigarette. Garnet turned fully towards the dark being, her heart racing in her chest as if it were only their first mysterious meeting. In the match’s weak flame, she saw the clear complexion she knew so well. Cerulean blue eyes,

never lacking their charm or endless wit. Blond hair, now cut in layers that framed the face and fell just below the ears. An open olive green vest wavered in the wind, a stiff white button up underneath. A plume of smoke was carried away in the next beat and Garnet raced forward, wrapping her arms around their torso.

“Zidane... you finally came,” she whispered to him. She pushed back, pressing her hands against his chest. “Where have you been?”

He took his time having a drag of his cigarette, gingerly pushing the onyx locks from her face. “I guess the life of crime isn’t always consistent.”

Garnet’s dark eyes darted between his. “What have you been up to?”

Zidane laughed and paced a few steps away, shaking ash free from the end of his cigarette. “Nothing a Queen wants to hear about.” The cigarette dangled loosely from his lips as he raked his hair back from his face. “How is Bear?”

“Hah-hah,” Garnet was smiling despite the sarcasm, turning towards him with no shame of being seen in only her nightwear. “You know his name is Fox.”

“Well, he sure got the long end of the stick,” Zidane shrugged while he buttoned his vest up. As the storm approached, a chill did as well. “Heard you guys had a nice gala for your third anniversary. Congrats.”

Garnet was sheepish now as she took a few steps, her cushy slippers sinking against the cool stone. “Yes, Uncle Cid and Aunt Hilda were there. Eiko, too. She’s grown so tall. Like a weed in a field.”

“Hah,” smoke floated from Zidane’s mouth. “I’d like to see that.”

“You could always go visit,” Garnet looked over her shoulder. “Nothing has changed, Zidane.”

He was slow to stomp his cigarette out. The wind promptly carried it away. Zidane jammed his hands in his pockets and shrugged. “Yeah, well, I have.”

“Not to us.”

“Dagger, you know what I mean,” Zidane shook his head, looking at her pointedly. “It was different when I was just a vagabond riding on Tantalus’ legacy.”

Garnet hugged herself as she turned towards him. “And just what have you become?”

“Someone who has more than ten gil in their pocket, finally,” Zidane shrugged. The leather soles of his boots came down against the cobblestone as he slowly brushed past Garnet. He walked towards the stairs that looked down a long pier. The waning moonlight was gleaming across the rippling surface of the discontent water.

“You were always more than just that,” Garnet said.

“Doesn’t matter,” Zidane shook his head. “The work’s not personal anymore.”

She came to stand beside him, watching as the dark clouds began to overtake Alexandria. The shadows clawed at them, inching closer moment by moment. The cool breeze ran through Garnet’s hair and she tilted her chin up, inhaling deeply the lovely smell of rain. Any second, she thought, and the sky would unleash. Those storm clouds were like the very feelings occupying her on the inside. How desperately Garnet wanted to explode; to be unapologetic, open and raw with everyone around her. She wanted to push all that frustration away. The exhaustion of her job, it all just wanted to pour out of her. But yet it remained, hardened into wax, clogging up every pore in her body. Garnet cast a

fleeting glance to the man beside her. When he was there, everything she felt, all the pins and needles dug into her, were temporarily forgotten. He was her anchor.

Zidane cast a glance at his wrist watch and smiled as thunder rumbled overhead. "It's a quarter after midnight."

"Yes, and?" Garnet furrowed her brow. Time did not matter when he was there.

"Well," Zidane laughed lightly, digging his hands back into his pockets. They watched the sky together. "It's my birthday. Twenty-one... I could get my airship license if I wanted to be legal in the sky."

Garnet gasped sharply and turned to him. She batted at his arm, shaking her head. "Zidane! I've all my days mixed up. I intended on bringing you a gift. Just how am I supposed to time your infrequent visits anymore?!"

Zidane caught hold of her wrist as it sailed back to smack him. "You're not supposed to know. I like to keep you guessing. It makes this much more fun."

"Oh, and what's *this*?" Garnet asked, playfully tilting her head.

“You know exactly what it is,” Zidane smirked. He released her wrist and took a few curt steps down the stairs. The sky above them was pitch now. Long gone were the moons. Only the void hovered over them. Zidane tugged at his vest as he watched the sanguine water ripple past him. “You and I are just like the water now. We ebb and flow, back and forth. No real direction. No destination.”

Garnet was still a few beats, the long onyx strands of her hair slinking around her. “Where is there to go?”

He only shook his head as he pulled a silver case from his vest. Gingerly, Zidane tucked a cigarette between his lips. “You talk like you’ve never seen the world beyond those town walls. It makes me sad.” He struck the match deftly despite the gusty wind blowing between them. “It’s like I’ve taught you nothing at all.” Zidane sank down on the steps, expecting the downpour to begin at any moment.

Garnet’s robe whipped behind her as she joined him. She hugged her knees, watching the sky twist and stew in chaos. “I haven’t forgotten a single thing, Zidane. It’s all still there living rent free in my mind. Every single detail is ingrained.”

His leg bobbed as he exhaled a plume of smoke. “You don’t regret anything?”

Slowly, her tongue ran over her lips as she felt the very first raindrop fall onto her. “You ask me that everytime you come to visit. And I’ll continue to tell you the same thing: I can’t think about things such as that. Not when I have to be headstrong and organized.”

Zidane reached his hand out as the rain began to softly come down. Ribbons of smoke trailed away from him as his cigarette dangled loosely from his mouth. They were quiet for a few beats. The raindrops dribbled against the cobblestone and thunked into the river around them. Garnet felt goosebumps rise across her skin as the rain slid down her silk nightgown.

“Do you ever think about yourself?” His bright blue eyes fell on her and she felt a chill come up her spine. Gradually, his hair was being flattened to his head, his cigarette growing soggy. Neither one of them seemed to mind, though. “After everything you’ve done for these people and the world, have you ever stopped and thought to yourself about what *you* want?”

“Oh, Zidane,” she sighed, cool autumn rain running down her face. “Our time together is so fleeting. Why must we waste it going in circles? I don’t question your choices.”

Zidane tossed the cigarette into the water and leaned back on his hands. He tilted his head up into the rain.

“I don’t think down on your decisions, Dagger. Sometimes I just wonder...”

“About what?” She pressed her chin against her damp knees.

“When I’m on a long job, like a stake out, and I’m by myself, my mind just doesn’t shut up,” Zidane said, raking his hair from his face. “I get into the weeds, go down this rabbit hole. Four years later, I wonder how we got here.”

“Simple,” Garnet’s voice was soft as she adjusted herself on the soggy, gleaming cobblestone. “Everything happens for a reason. Whether we want it to or not. And it doesn’t matter if we understand or not.”

“Imagine Coyote—”

“Fox—”

“— didn’t exist,” Zidane finished, resting his elbows on his knees. “What if this world wasn’t able to tell us what wasn’t allowed? And what if we didn’t listen?”

Garnet was silent a few beats as the cool autumn rain grazed her chilled cheeks. She was slow to blink, her eyelashes heavy and full. “Then... I guess... there’d be no strife in this world. Everything would be perfect and absolutely nothing would matter.”

Zidane grinned, glancing up to the ruminating storm clouds. “The best things in life are often the ones you can’t have.”

“What exactly am I to you, Zidane?” Garnet looked to him, a strand of onyx hair plastered to her rosy cheek. His blue eyes met her and they only stared at each other in silence. She took in every little detail of him. His complexion was clear and fair. In his new, somewhat mysterious, line of work, he had accumulated little etchings of scars at the corner of his lips, above his eyebrows, and along his jaw. Those cerulean blue eyes, though, had never changed. They still held that familiar light, one of a boyish nature that he couldn’t shake. She could still see the Zidane in there that she once knew. And

never would he leave that space he occupied in her soul. As much as those eyes evoked from her, Garnet simply had to accept facts. Time changed everything, whether she liked it or not. Everyone had their place in the world and, while sometimes she questioned it, she had learned to let those little nuances in the universes go. Everything happened for a reason, she continually reminded herself. At least, that was how she coped with it all in the times of prevailing peace that did not at all reflect how she felt inside.

“To me...” Zidane’s face came even closer to hers. Despite the cold rain coming down on them, a warmth was rising up in Garnet. ‘I consider you *my muse*, Dagger.’ She arched her eyebrows and tilted her head a bit. Their lips were only inches apart. His voice was low and husky. “There’s not a day that goes by where you aren’t on my mind. You inspire me.”

“To do what?” She whispered.

He grinned mischievously, in a way that made her heart flip in her chest. “You make me want to do bad things. Because of you, I want to steal as much as I can from everyone around me. That way, they’ll feel the same way that I do. That feeling of loss, of

something being taken unfairly from you and you don't even get a choice in the matter."

Garnet's dark eyes soaked him in for a beat. She didn't move. Eventually, she shook her head. "I don't know what to say, Zidane..."

"Then maybe it's better we don't say anything at all."

In the next moment, he surged forward, closing the gap between them. Zidane's warm lips crushed against hers, his fingers knotting through her heavy, wet hair. Every muscle in her body relaxed instantly as she allowed him to encase her completely. His hands hungrily ran across her as if he had never felt something so soft and enticing. Garnet gave herself to him in a way she had never been able to for other people. He may have swiped precious jewels, taken expensive watches, and stowed away with family heirlooms, but the most precious thing he ever stole, the most valued of all his collection, was Garnet's heart. The echoes of the law could not reach them in that moment. Their friend's incredulous, stubborn voices in their favor drowned away. It was only them beneath the ruminating storm clouds, forgoing all that was supposedly etched in stone.

Her back met the cool, wet stone beneath her and the raindrops fell across her as she looked at the man hovering over her. Zidane's blond hair was plastered across his forehead, his blue eyes intense in the darkness. His hand reached towards her with no hesitation, cupping her breast gently. Garnet grabbed hold of the sleeves of his shirt, water running the length of her forearm. Zidane dipped down, just stopping short of her lips. Her eyelashes fluttered as she again found herself admiring his features.

"What?" She whispered, reaching up to touch his prickly jaw.

Zidane licked his lips, still looking at her with his hungry gaze. "Do you ever think what we're doing is wrong?"

"Of course it is," Garnet replied, simply. "But wrong defines this world and everyone in it."

Zidane smiled, "That's what I like to hear. This world may not be black and white but you know what's special about us?" His voice was quiet, his hot breath coming across her. Garnet felt her heart accelerate in her chest. Silently, she shook her head. 'You and I... we see the world in different colors. We see the nauseating greens, the depressing blues. We see the red hot hues...' "Zidane began kissing her

again, taking her slender body into his hands. He kissed her deeply, his tongue running against her lips. Slowly, his hands worked down her soggy nightgown, finding the soft porcelain of her bare legs.” You and I know what this world is capable of. And we don’t let it fuck with us,’ he told her between their impassioned kisses. “We have the arms to push it right back. This planet doesn’t make any decisions for you and I.”

Garnet tilted her head back into the rain as Zidane’s lips found her neck. Her slender fingers knotted through his layered, wet hair, her nails running against his scalp. She pressed her knees on either side of him as he squeezed her thighs tenderly. “Then how come you’re not the prince-consort...?” Her voice was soft, her eyes gazing up at the turbulent sky. Zidane paused, his mouth hovering just above her damp, cool skin. His hands were curling tightly against her legs. Finally, he lifted his head. Gingerly, Garnet whisked the hair away from his eyes.

“The world can say whatever the hell it wants,” Zidane shook his head, his bold brow knitted together. “But that doesn’t mean we’re gonna listen. Right...?”

As she stared intently into his vibrant eyes, her hands searching his face endlessly, she felt her heart swelling. It pounded with both adoration and complete resentment. Who was this world, anyway, to tell them what they could or couldn't do? Why couldn't she have what she desired? Why couldn't she be who she wanted to be? There were many days when her servitude to Alexandria drove her to do her best for her citizens and watch them thrive. Many nights, she couldn't help but imagine her running away into the night, her heart in Zidane's grasp. She had no idea what stopped her or held her back. These moments in the garden, where no one knew where they were, were the absolute perfect escape. And yet, every time, it was only Zidane slinking away in the darkness leaving Garnet in front of her marble prison. Eventually, Garnet nodded and offered a grin.

“Right...” Her voice was soft and tender. “We won't listen.”

With that reassurance, Zidane and Garnet met passionately again. His hands traveled all over her body. She wrapped her legs around his midriff, pulling them as close as physically possible. The way their bodies molded together, it was as if they were carved for each other. The cold autumn rain did

nothing to extinguish the growing heat between them. The urgency only grew. Zidane's fingers dug against her thighs before she felt a trail of fire as they traveled up. Zidane's strong arms hoisted Garnet towards him and she found herself straddling his lap, consumed still by his kisses, losing herself entirely in him.

"Do you know what I love about you?" He whispered, hiking his hands up beneath her nightgown. It elicited a moan from her.

"Hm?" She didn't even open her eyes as she continually planted kisses all over his face.

Zidane squeezed her tightly. "That I can't have you," he grabbed hold of her jaw, directing her sight towards him. His grin was smug. "And no one else can, either."

"Shut up," Garnet said, pressing her hands to his face. "You're wasting our time."

The next she knew, she was pressed against the cold cobblestone again. The raindrops fell at a steady pace around her, puddles accumulating in the rhythmic downpour. The world was crying. Maybe it was because of the beauty of the situation. Or maybe it was because of their poor decisions. In that

moment, they were nothing more than lovesick, reckless young adults found in a deranged, compromising scene. But in that space in time, she wasn't a queen and he wasn't a mysterious thief. They were only lovers, nothing more, nothing less. She didn't have a husband and he didn't have a bounty hanging over his head. Everything was much simpler.

For Garnet, Zidane was the missing puzzle piece. He was the skeleton key that unlocked the inner parts of herself that not even she had access to. When she felt him, she had a feeling of completion. It was something she rarely achieved. She was practically starved for it, but Zidane always helped her savor it when his untimed pop ins occurred. She knew it was wrong on every level, but she couldn't help herself. Garnet was hopelessly addicted to Zidane. He had practically become her entire point of living, wondering each day when she'd get to touch him and take him in. She felt his hot breath against her ear, making her skin pucker in goosebumps. Garnet's nails dug into his arms. Her breaths had become shallow, everything around her completely forgotten. All she focused on was him, the feeling of him. She paid no heed to the idea of being caught or heard. Zidane was the only thing in

her world at that moment. And for her, he was the King. He would rule her heart forever.

Zidane dipped his head and let out a heavy breath. His wet cheeks skimmed against her exposed chest. Together, they trembled in the rain. Garnet reached forward, gently stroking his hair away from his flushed face. Zidane looked up and grinned, their nude bodies pressed against each other. If time could have frozen right then, Garnet would have happily accepted her eternity. She turned her head to the side, soaking in every detail of him as he caught his breath.

“Happy Birthday, Zidane,” she whispered, tenderly running her palms along his chilled skin. “I’ll have a present for you next time you come.”

Zidane laughed before he leaned down and planted a kiss on her lips. “Who knows if maybe the next time I’m here it will be your turn for a birthday present.”

“Don’t say things like that,” their faces hovered inches apart. “You can’t be away that long, Zidane. I need you.”

“You got Rabbit, you’ll be fine,” Zidane boyishly grinned.

Garnet stared deeply into his eyes in that moment, the rain steadily running down their bare skin. "What if I left with you? Right now, tonight."

"You'd regret it," Zidane kissed her again before he leaned back, reaching for his discarded button up that was sopping wet. Zidane paid it no mind as he began wrangling it over his shoulders. "You belong here, Your Majesty."

Garnet sat up, making no attempt at covering herself up. "I haven't entirely been truthful with you." Zidane paused from working on his belt, slowly lifting his gaze to her. Her eyes shimmered in the rain that was slowly beginning to wane. The air was chilly and still. "I've never truthfully answered the question of regret. I run away from it because it scares me, Zidane."

"Well, like you said," Zidane flipped open his silver cigarette case. "You don't have time to worry about things like that."

She watched as he struck the match. The smoking cigarette dangled from his lips loosely as he jammed his feet into his boots. "My mind goes down the rabbit hole, too. Just like yours. I wonder every day how we got reduced to this. And I'm fearful it's all

my fault. I wasn't strong enough, then. I wasn't bullheaded."

Surprisingly, Zidane smiled as he exhaled a plume of smoke. He sat down near Garnet again while she reached for her robe. "It's amazing how just a little fuck is all you need to open up to me." Her cheeks reddened from the vulgarity. Zidane chuckled, tapping the ash off the end of his cigarette. "Just a bit of dick to make an honest woman of you."

Garnet hugged herself, watching the thinning rain fall across the water. "Everytime you touch me, you remind me of everything I want to forget."

"And you remind me of everything I want and can't have."

They were silent as the rain finally let up. Zidane watched the ribbons of smoke drift away from them before he stole a glance at Garnet. The queen's hair was flat, running down her back. She wore only a damp, sheer robe. His eyes ran the length of her sweet, slender body. He licked his lips and flicked his cigarette into the water.

"What we're doing is not good for either of us," Garnet eventually said. "It's wrong."

“Well, I don’t want to be right,” Zidane shook his head. He stood, his vest wavering back and forth. After a moment, Garnet came to her feet as well. Her robe hung open, revealing her nude body. Zidane raked his damp hair from his face. “Do you want to be right?”

“I suppose I don’t,” Garnet tilted her head back to meet his eyes. “Nothing can ever go back to normal, anyway. Facts are facts.”

Zidane’s calloused hand came across her cheek in that moment, coaxing her towards him. He grabbed her arms, his thumb tenderly tracing against her skin. “Yeah, maybe we can’t do anything to change the facts. But that doesn’t mean we can’t put our middle finger up to the facts every now and then.”

Their lips met gently, like an unspoken promise. “I love you, Zidane.”

“Don’t waste your time doing that,” Zidane grinned, caressing her cheek again.

She practically melted against his cheek. “Must you go?”

“Gotta go row with the other slaves.”

“And where are you going?” Garnet whispered.

Zidane's smile never wavered as he continually felt her skin beneath his fingertips. "You can't know things like that, Dagger. It's not important."

"Then promise me you'll come back soon," she demanded, grabbing hold of his hands.

"You know I can't promise you shit," Zidane's voice was soft as he came forward, pressing his lips to her forehead. "All I can say is you'll see me again."

She heard the scuff of his boots against the cobblestone and his warm touch faded from her chilled skin. Garnet's heart hammered in her chest as she watched her soul slowly move from her reach. Zidane was smiling, strands of blond hair plastered across his forehead. He jammed his hands into his pockets and turned on the balls of his feet. In just a moment, the thief had soundlessly disappeared, leaving Garnet to question whether he had been there in the first place. She hugged herself, turning to see the clouds breaking apart, revealing the milky moonlight again. Garnet tilted her head up into the rays, a cool breeze running her robe against her bare legs. She thought quietly about their sweet secret.

It would never come to light. It's only place was in the shadows of the night.

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